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JENNY LAWSON: OR, LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

Mark Clifford had come up from New York to spend a few weeks with his maternal grandfather, Mr. Lofton, who lived almost alone on his beautiful estate a few miles from the Hudson, amid the rich valleys of Orange county. Mr. Lofton belonged to one of the oldest families in the State, and retained a large portion of that aristocratic pride for which they were distinguished. The marriage of his daughter to Mr. Clifford, a merchant of New York had been strongly opposed on the ground that the alliance was degrading—Mr. Clifford not being able to boast of an ancestor who was anything more than an honest man and a useful citizen. A closer acquaintance with his son-in-law, after the marriage took place, reconciled Mr. Lofton in a good measure to the union; for he found Mr. Clifford to be a man of fine intelligence, gentlemanly feeling, and withal tenderly attached to his daughter. The marriage was a happy one—and this is rarely the case when the external and selfish desire to make a good family connection is regarded above the mental and moral qualities on which a true union only can be based.

A few years previous to the time at which our story opens, Mrs. Clifford died, leaving one son and two daughters. Mark, the oldest of the children, was in his seventeenth year at the time the sad bereavement occurred—the girls were quite young. He had always been an active boy—ever disposed to get beyond the judicious restraints which his parents wisely sought to throw around him. After his mother's death, he attained a wider liberty. He was still at college when this melancholy event occurred, and continued there for two years; but no longer in correspondence with, and therefore not under the influence of one whose love for him sought ever to hold him back from evil, his natural temperament led him into the indulgence of a liberty that too often went beyond the bounds of propriety.

On leaving college Mr. Clifford conferred with his son touching the profession he wished to adopt, and to his surprise found him bent on entering the navy. All efforts to discourage the idea were of no avail.—The young man was for the navy and nothing else. Yielding at last to the desire of his son, Mr. Clifford entered the usual form of application at the Navy Yard in Washington, but, at the same time, in a private letter to the Secretary, intimated his wish that the application might not be favorably considered.

Time passed on, but Mark did not receive the anxiously looked-for appointment. Many reasons were conjectured by the young man, who, at last, resolved on pushing through his application, if personal efforts could be of any avail. To this end, he repaired to the seat of government, and waited on the Secretary. In his interviews with this functionary, some expressions were dropped that caused a suspicion of the truth to pass through his mind. A series of rapidly recurring questions addressed to the Secretary were answered in a way that fully confirmed this suspicion. The effect of this upon the excitable and impulsive young man will appear as our story progresses.

It was while Mark's application was pending, and a short time before his visit to Washington, that he came up to Fairview, the residence of his grandfather. Mark had always been a favorite with the old gentleman, who rather encouraged his desire to enter the navy.

"The boy will distinguish himself," Mr. Lofton would say, as he thought over the matter. And the idea of distinction in the army or navy was grateful to his aristocratic feelings. "There is some of the right blood in his veins for all."

One afternoon, some two or three days after the young man came up to Fairview, he was returning from a ramble in the woods with his gun, when he met a beautiful young girl, simply attired, and bearing on her head a light bundle of grain which she had gleaned in a neighboring field. She was tripping lightly along, singing as gaily as a bird, when she came suddenly upon the young man, over whose face there passed an instant glow of admiration. Mark bowed and smiled, the maiden dropped a bashful courtesy, and then each passed on; but neither to forget the other. When Mark turned, after a few steps, to gaze after the sweet wild flower he had met so unexpectedly, he saw the face again, for she had turned also. He did not go home on that evening, until he had seen the lovely being who glanced before him in her native beauty, enter a neat little cottage that stood half a mile from Fairview, nearly hidden by vines, and overshadowed by two small cypresses.

On the next morning Mark took his way toward the cottage with his gun. As he drew near, the sweet voice he had heard the day before was warbling tenderly an old song he had sung when he was but a child; and with the air and words so well remembered, came a gentleness of feeling and a love of what was pure and innocent, such as he had not experienced for many years. In this state of mind he entered the little porch, and stood listening for several minutes to the voice that still sang itself plaintively or joyfully upon the air, according to the sentiment breathed in the words that were clothed in music; then, as the voice became silent, he rapped gently at the door, which, in a few moments was opened by one whose attractions had drawn him thither.

A warm color mantled the young girl's face as her eyes fell upon so unexpected a visitor. She remembered him as the young man she had met on the evening before; about whom she had dreamed all night, and thought much since the early morning. Mark bowed, and, as an excuse for calling asked if her mother were at home. "My mother died, when I was but a child," replied the girl, shrinking back a step or two; for Mark was gazing earnestly into her face. "Ah! Then you are living with your—your—"

"Mrs. Lee has been a mother to me since then," said she, drooping her eyes to the floor. "Then I will see the good woman who has taken your mother's place," Marked Jenny, in a soft, sweet voice, and took a chair in the next little sitting room into which the door opened.

"She has gone over to Mr. Lofton's," said the girl, in reply, "and won't be back for an hour."

"Has she, indeed? Then you know Mr. Lofton?"

"Oh, yes. We know him very well. He owns our little cottage."

"Does he? No doubt you find him a good landlord?"

"He's a kind man," said the girl, earnestly.

"He is, as I have good reason to know," remarked the young man. "Mr. Lofton is my grandfather."

The girl seemed much surprised at this avowal, and appeared less at ease than before.

"And now, having told you who I am," said Mark, "I think I may be bold enough to ask your name."

"My name is Jenny Lawson," replied the girl.

"A pretty name, that—Jenny—I am as much the sound of it. My mother's name was Jenny. Did you ever see my mother? But don't tremble! Sit down and tell your fluttering heart to be still."

Jenny sank into a chair, her bosom heaving, and the crimson flush still glowing on her cheeks, while Mark gazed into her face with undisguised admiration.

"Who would have thought," said he to himself, "that so sweet a wild flower grew in this out of the way place?"

"Did you ever see my mother, Jenny?" asked the young man, after she was a little composed.

"Mrs. Clifford?"

"Yes."

"Open."

"Then we will be friends from this moment, Jenny. If you knew my mother, then, you must have loved her. She has been dead now over three years."

There was a shade of sadness in the young man's voice as he said this.

"When did you see her last?" he repeated.

"The summer before she died she came up from New York and spent two or three weeks here. I saw her then, almost every day."

"And you loved mother? Say you did!"

The young man spoke with a rising emotion that he could not restrain.

"Every body loved her," replied Jenny, simply and earnestly.

For a few moments Mark concealed his face with his hands, to hide the signs of feeling that were playing over it; then looking up he said—

"Jenny, because you knew my mother and loved her, we must be friends. It was a great loss to me when she died. The greatest loss I ever had, or it may be ever will have. I have been worse since then. Ah me! If she had only lived!"

Again Mark covered his face with his hands, and, this time, he could not keep the dimness from his eyes.

It was a strange sight to Jenny to see the young man thus moved. Her innocent heart was drawn toward him with a pitying interest, and she yearned to speak words of comfort but knew not what to say.

After Mark grew composed again, he asked Jenny a great many questions touching her knowledge of his mother; and listened with deep interest and emotion to many little incidents of Jenny's intercourse with her, which were related with all the artlessness and force of truth. In the midst of this singular interview Mrs. Lee came in and surprised the young couple, who, forgetting all reserve, were conversing with an interest in their manner, the ground of which she might well understand. Jenny started and looked confused, but, quickly recovering herself, introduced Mark as the grandson of Mr. Lofton.

The old lady did not respond to this with the cordiality that either of the young folks had expected. No, not by any means. A flush of angry suspicion came into her face, and she said to Jenny as she handed her the bonnet she hurriedly removed—

"Hear—take this into the other room and put it away."

The moment Jenny retired Mrs. Lee turned to Mark, and after looking at him somewhat sternly for a moment, surprised him with this speech—

"If I ever find you here again, young man, I'll complain to your grandfather."

"Will you, indeed?" returned Mark, alighting his person, and looking at the old lady with flashing eyes. "And pray, what will you say to the old gentleman?"

"Fine doings, indeed, for the likes of you to come creeping into a decent woman's house when she is away!" resumed Mrs. Lee. "Jenny's not the kind you're looking after, let me tell you. What would your poor dear mother, who is in heaven, God bless her! think, if she knew of this?"

The respectful and ever affectionate reference to his mother, softened the feelings of Mark, who was growing very angry.

"Good morning, old lady," said he, as he turned away, "you don't know what you're talking about!" and springing from

the door, he hurried off with rapid steps. On reaching a wood that lay some distance off, Mark sought a retired spot, near where a quiet stream, venting its noisy, frothy banks, and sliding down upon a grassy spot, gave himself up to meditation. Little inclined was he for sport. The birds sang in the trees above him, fluttered from branch to branch, and even dipped the wings in the calm waters of the stream, but he heeded them not. He had other thoughts. Greatly had old Mrs. Lee, in the blindness of her suddenly aroused fears, wronged the young man. If the sphere of innocent that was around the beautiful girl had not been all powerful to subdue evil thoughts and passion in his breast, the reference to his mother would have been effectual to that end.

For half an hour had Mark remained seated alone, busy with thoughts and feelings of a less wandering and adventurous character than usually occupied his mind, when, to his surprise, he saw Jenny Lawson advancing along a path that led through a portion of the woods with a basket on her arm. She did not observe him until she had approached within some fifteen or twenty paces; when he aroused to his feet and she, seeing him, stopped suddenly, and looked pale and alarmed.

"I am glad to meet you again, Jenny," said Mark, going quickly toward her, and taking her hand, which she yielded without resistance. "Don't be frightened. Mrs. Lee did me wrong. Heaven knows I would not hurt a hair on your head! Come and sit down with me in this quiet place, and let us talk about my mother. You say you knew her and loved her. Let her memory make us friends."

Mark's voice trembled with feeling. There was something about the girl that made the thought of his mother a hotter and tender thing. He had loved his mother intensely, and since her death had felt her loss as the saddest calamity that had, or possibly ever could, befall him. Alas! on the stormy sea of human life, he had seemed like a mariner without helm or compass. Strangely enough, since meeting with Jenny at the cottage a little while before, the thought of her appeared to bring his mother nearer to him; and when, so unexpectedly, he saw her approaching him in the woods, he felt momentarily that it was his mother's spirit, guiding her thither.

Urged by so strong an appeal, Jenny entered herself to be led to the retired spot where Mark had been reclining, half wondering half fearful—yet impelled by a certain feeling that she could not well resist. In fact, each exercised a power over the other, a powerful arising from a determined will, but from a certain spiritual affinity that neither comprehended. Some have called this "destiny," but it has a better name.

"Jenny," said Mark, after they were seated—he still retained her hand in his, and felt it tremble—"tell me something about my mother. It will do me good to hear of her from your lips."

The girl tried to make some answer, but found no utterance. Her lips trembled so, that she could not speak. But she grew more composed after a time, and then in reply to many questions of Mark, related incident after incident, in which his mother's goodness of character stood prominent. The young man listened intently, sometimes with his eyes upon the ground, and sometimes gazing admiringly into the sweet face of the young speaker.

Time passed more rapidly than either Mark or Jenny imagined. For full an hour had they been engaged in earnest conversation, when both were painfully surprised by the appearance of Mrs. Lee, who had sent Jenny on an errand, and expected her early return. A suspicion that she might encounter the young Clifford's hand, flashed through the old woman's mind; she had come forth to learn if possible the cause of Jenny's long absence. To her grief and anger, she discovered them sitting together engaged in earnest conversation.

"Now, Mark Clifford!" she exclaimed as she advanced, "this is too bad! And Jenny, you weak and foolish girl! are you madly bent on seeking the fowler's snare? Child! child! it is thus, you repay me for my love and care over you!"

Both Mark and Jenny started to their feet, the face of the former, flushed with instant anger, and that of the other pale from alarm.

"Come!" and Mrs. Lee caught hold of Jenny's arm and drew her away. As they moved off, the former, glancing back at Mark, and shaking her finger towards him, said—

"I'll see your grandfather, young man!"

Fretted by this second disturbance of an interview with Jenny, and angry at an imputation of motive, Mark dashed into the woods, with his gun in his hands, and walked rapidly, but aimlessly, for nearly an hour, when he found himself at the summit of a high mountain, from which, far down and away towards the East, he could see the silvery Hudson winding along like a vein of silver. Here, wearied with his walk, and faint in spirit from over exertion, he sat down to rest and to compose his thoughts. Scarcely intelligible to himself were his feelings. The meeting with Jenny, and the effect upon him, were things that he did not clearly understand. Her influence over him was a mystery. In fact, what had passed so hurriedly, was to him more like a dream than a reality.

No further idea of sport entered the mind of the young man on that day. He remained until after the sun had passed the meridian in this retired place, and then went slowly back, passing the cottage of Mrs. Lee on his return. He did not see Jenny as he had hoped. On meeting Mr. Lofton, Mark became aware of a change in the old man's feeling towards him, and he guessed at once rightly as to the cause.

If he had experienced any doubts they would have been quickly removed.

"Mark!" said the old gentleman, sternly almost the moment the grandson came into his presence. "I wish you to go back to New York to-morrow. I presume I need hardly explain my reason for this wish, when I tell you that I have just had a visit from old Mrs. Lee."

The fiery spirit of Mark was stung into madness by this further reaction on him in a matter that involved nothing of criminal intent. Impulsive in his feelings, and quick to act from them, he replied with a calmness and even sadness in his voice that Mr. Lofton did not expect—the calmness was from a strong effort to suppress his real feelings.

"I will not trouble you with my presence an hour longer. If evil arise from this tramping of good impulse out of my heart, the sin rest on your own head. I never was and never can be patient under a false judgment. Farewell, Grandfather! We may never meet again. If you hear of evil befalling me, think of it as having some connection with this hour."

With these words Mark turned away and left the house. The old man, in grief and alarm at the effect of his words, called after him but he heeded him not.

"Run after him, and tell him to come back," cried he to a servant who stood near and had listened to what had passed between them. "The order was obeyed, but it was of no avail. Mark returned a bitter answer to the message he brought him, and he continued on his way. As he was hurrying along, suddenly he encountered Jenny. It was strange that he should meet her so often. There was something in it more than accident, and he felt that it was so.

"God bless you, Jenny!" he exclaimed with much feeling, catching hold of her hand and kissing it. "We may never meet again. They thought I meant you harm, and have driven me away. But Heaven knows how little of evil purpose was in my heart! Farewell! Sometimes, when you are kneeling to say your nightly prayers, think of me, and breathe my name in your petition. I will need the prayers of the innocent—farewell!"

And under the impulse of the moment, Mark bent forward and pressed his lips fervently upon her pure forehead; then, springing away, left her bewildered and in tears.

Mark hurried on towards the nearest landing place on the river, some three miles distant, which he reached just as a steamboat was passing. Waving his handkerchief as a signal, the boat rounded to, and touching at the side pier, took him on board. He arrived in New York that evening, and on the next morning, started for Washington to see after his application for a midshipman's appointment in the navy. It was on this occasion that the young man became aware of the secret influence of his father against the application which had been made. His mind, already feverishly excited, lost its balance under this new disturbing cause.

"He will repent of this!" said he, bitterly, as he left the room of the Secretary of the Navy, and went to his room. He made a fixture of me in a counting room! Shut me up in a lawyer's office! Look me down in a medicine chest! Mark Clifford never will submit! If I cannot enter the service in one way I will in another."

Without pausing to weigh the consequences of his act, Mark, in a spirit of revenge towards his father, went, while the fever was on him, to the Navy Yard, and there entered the United States service as a common sailor, under the name Edward James. On the day following, the ship on board of which he had enlisted was gliding down the Potomac, and in a week after left Hampton Roads and went to sea.

From Norfolk, Mr. Clifford received a brief note written by his son, upbraiding him for having defeated the application to the department, and avowing the fact that he had gone to sea in the government service, as a common sailor.

It was impossible for such passionate interviews, brief though they were, to take place without leaving on the heart of a simple minded girl like Jenny Lawson, a deep impression. New impulses were given to her feelings, and a new direction to her thoughts. Nature told her that Mark Clifford loved her; and nothing but his cold disavowal of the fact could possibly affect this belief. He had met her, it was true, only three or four times; but their interviews during these meetings had been of a character to leave no ordinary effect behind. So long as her eyes dimmed by overflowing tears, could follow Mark's retiring form, she gazed eagerly after him, and when he was at length hidden from her view, she sat down to pour out her heart in passionate weeping.

Old Mrs. Lee, while she tenderly loved the sweet flower that had grown up under her care, was not in all things, a wise and discreet woman; nor deeply versed in the workings of the human heart.

Rumor of Mark's wildness had found its way to the neighborhood of Fairview, and made an unfavorable impression. Mrs. Lee firmly believed that he was moving with swift feet in the way to destruction, and rolling evil under his tongue as a sweet morsel. When she heard of his arrival at his grandfather's, a fear came upon her, lest he should cast his eyes upon Jenny.

No wonder she met the young man with such a quick repulse, when, to her alarm, she found that he had invaded her home, and was already charming the ear of the innocent child she so tenderly loved and cared for. To find them sitting alone in the woods, only a little while afterwards, almost maddened her; and so soon as she took Jenny home she hurried over to Mr. Lofton, and in a confused, exaggerated,

and intemperate manner, complained of the conduct of Mark.

"Together alone in the woods!" exclaimed the old gentleman, greatly excited. "What does the girl mean?"

"What does he mean, thus to entice away my innocent child?" said Mrs. Lee, equally excited. "Oh, Mr. Lofton! for goodness' sake, send him back to New York! If he remain here a day longer, all may be lost! Jenny is bewitched with him. She cried as if her heart would break when I took her back home, and said I had done wrong to Mark in what I had said to him."

"Weak and foolish child! How little does she know of the world—how little of the subtle human heart! Yes—yes Mrs. Lee, Mark shall go back at once. He shall not remain here a day longer, to breathe his blighting breath on so sweet a flower. Jenny is to good a girl to be exposed to such an influence."

The mind of Mr. Lofton remained excited for hours after this interview; and when Mark appeared, he met him as has already been seen. The manner in which the young man received the angry words of his grandfather, was a little different from what had been anticipated. Mr. Lofton expected some explanation by which he could understand more clearly what was in the young man's thoughts. When, therefore, Mark abruptly turned from him with such strange language on his tongue, Mr. Lofton's anger cooled, and he felt that he had suffered himself to be misled by a hasty judgment. That no evil had been in the young man's mind he was sure. It was this change that had prompted him to make an effort to recall him. But, the effort was fruitless.

On Jenny's return home, after her last interview with Mark, she found a servant there with a summons from Mr. Lofton. With much reluctance she repaired to the mansion house. On meeting with the old gentleman he received her in a kind but subdued manner; but, as for Jenny herself, she stood in his presence weeping and trembling.

"Jenny," said Mr. Lofton, after the girl had grown more composed, "when did you first meet my grandson?"

Jenny mentioned the accidental meeting on the day before, and the call at the cottage in the morning.

"And you saw him first only yesterday?"

"Yes."

"What did he say when he called this morning?"

"He asked for my mother."

"Yes, I told him that my mother was dead, and that I lived with Mrs. Lee. He then wanted to see her; but I said that she had gone over to your house."

"What did he say then?"

"He spoke of you, and said you were a good man, and that you were a good landlord. I had mentioned that you owned our cottage."

Mr. Lofton appeared affected at this.

"What then?" he continued.

"He told me who he was and then asked me my name. When I told him that it was Jenny, he said it was a good name, and that he always liked the sound of it, for his mother's name was Jenny. Then he asked me if I had known his mother, and when I said yes, he wanted to know if I loved her. Then he covered his face with his hands, and I saw the tears coming through his fingers. Because you knew my mother, and loved her, Jenny," said he, "we will be friends."

Afterwards he asked me a great many questions about her and listened with the tears in his eyes, when I told him of many things she had said and done the last time she was up here. We were talking together about his mother when Mrs. Lee came in. She spoke cross to him, and threatened to complain to you, if he came there any more. He went away angry. But I'm sure he meant nothing wrong, sir. How could he, and talk as he did about his mother in heaven?"

"But how came you to meet him in the woods, Jenny?" said Mr. Lofton. "Did he tell you he would wait for you?"

"Oh, no, sir. The meeting was accidental. I was sent over to Mrs. Jasper's on an errand, and in passing through the woods, saw him sitting alone and looking very unhappy. I was frightened; but he told me that he wouldn't hurt a hair of my head. Then he made me sit down upon the grass beside him, and talk to him about his mother. He asked me a great many questions, and I told him all I could remember about her. Sometimes the tears would steal over his cheeks; and sometimes he would say—'Ah! if my mother had not died. Her death was a great loss to me, Jenny—a great loss—and I have been worse for it.'"

"And was this all you talked about, Jenny," asked Mr. Lofton, who was much affected by the artless narrative of the girl.

"It was all about his mother," replied Jenny. "He said that I not only bore her name, but that I looked like her, and that it seemed to him, while with me, that she was present."

"He said that, did he?" Mr. Lofton spoke more earnestly, and looked intently upon Jenny's face. "Yes—yes—it is so. She does look like dear Jenny," he murmured to himself. "I never saw this before. Dear boy! We have done him wrong. These hasty conclusions—ah, me! To how much evil do they lead."

"And you were talking thus when Mrs. Lee found you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did she say?"

"I can hardly tell what she said. I was so frightened. But I know she spoke angrily to him and to me, and threatened to see you."

Mr. Lofton sighed deeply; then added, as if the remark were casual—

"And that is the last you have seen of him."

"No, sir; I met him a little while ago,

as he was hurrying away from your house."

"You did?" Mr. Lofton started at Jenny's unexpected reply.

"Yes, sir."

"Did he speak to you?"

"Yes; he stopped and caught hold of my hand saying, 'God bless you, Jenny! We may never meet again. They have driven me away, because they thought I meant to harm you.' But he said nothing wrong was in his heart, and asked me to pray for him, as he would need my prayers."

At this part of her narrative, Jenny wept bitterly, and her auditor's eyes became dim also.

Satisfied that Jenny's story was true in every particular, Mr. Lofton spoke kindly to her and sent her home.

A week after Mr. Clifford left Fairview, word came that he had enlisted in the U. S. service and gone to sea as a common sailor; accompanying this intelligence was an indignant avowal of his father that he would have nothing more to do with him. To old Mr. Lofton this was a serious blow. In Mark he had hoped to see realized some of his ambitious desires. His daughter Jenny had been happy in her marriage, but the union never gave him much satisfaction. She was to have been the wife of one more distinguished than a mere plodding money-making merchant.

Painful was the shock that accompanied the prostration of old Mr. Lofton's ambitious hopes touching his grandson, of whom he had always been exceedingly fond. To him he had intended leaving the bulk of his property when he died. But now anger and resentment arose in his mind against him as unworthy such a preference, and in the warmth of the moment's impulse, he corrected his will and cut him off with a dollar. This was no sooner done than better emotions stirred in the old man's bosom, and he regretted the hasty act; but pride of consistency prevented his recalling it.

From that time old Mr. Lofton broke down rapidly. In six months he seemed to have added ten years to his life. During that period no news had come from Mark; who was not only angry with both his father and grandfather, but felt that in doing what he had done, he had offended them beyond all hope of forgiveness. He, therefore, having taken a rash step, moved on in the way he had chosen, in a spirit of recklessness and defiance. The ties of blood which had bound him to his home were broken; the world was all before him, and he must make his way in it alone. The life of a common sailor in a government ship he found to be something different from what he had imagined, when acting under a momentary excitement, he was so much as to enlist in the service.

Unused to work or ready obedience, he soon discovered that his life was to be one not only of bodily toil, but of the most perfect subordination to the will of others, under pain of corporal punishment. The first insolent word of authority passed to him by a new fledged midshipman, his junior by at least three years, stung him so deeply that it was only by a most violent effort that he could master the impulse that prompted him to seize and throw him overboard. He did not regret this successful effort at self-control, when a few hours afterwards, he was compelled to witness the punishment of the cat inflicted on a sailor for the offence of insolence to an officer. The sight of the poor man, writing under the brutality of the lash, made an impression on him that nothing could efface. It absorbed his mind, and brought it into a healthier state of reflection than it had yet been in.

"I have placed myself in this position by a rash act," he said to himself, as he turned sick at heart, away from it is painful and disgusting sight. "And all rebellion against the authority around me will but make plainer my own weakness. I have degraded myself; but there is a lower degradation still, and that I must avoid. Drag me to the gangway and I am lost!"

Strict obedience and submission was from that time self-compelled on the part of Mark Clifford. It was not without a strong effort; however, that he kept down the fiery spirit within him. A word of insolent command—and certain of the young midshipmen on board could not speak to a sailor even if he were old as his father, except in a tone of insult—would send the blood boiling through his veins.

It was only by the narrowest chances that Mark escaped punishment during the first six months of the cruise, which was in the Pacific. If he succeeded in bridling his tongue, and restraining his hands from violence, he could not hide the indignant flash of his eyes, nor school the muscles of his face into submission. They revealed the wild spirit of rebellion that was in his heart! Intelligent promptness in duty saved him. This was seen by his superior officers, and it was much in his favor when complaints came from petty tyrants of the ship who sometimes shrunk from the fierce glance, that, in a moment of struggling passion would be cast upon them.

After a trying ordeal of six months, he was favored by one of the officers who saw deeper than the rest, and gathered from him a few hints as to his true character. In pitying him he made use of his influence to save him from some of the worst consequences of his position.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

An Irishman, said if a few gooseberries gives so fine a flavor to an apple pie, that it would be a daintier of an apple pie which was made of gooseberries entirely.

The old gentleman that invented the bed posts says the Albany Dutchman, now going up a gum elastic counting stove. His Indian rubber gimbles did not answer as well as was anticipated.